

into one. Ideas of nature are like its ideas of God. It is not the poetry of social life, but of solitude; each man seems alone in the world with the original form of nature, the rocks, the earth, and the sky. It is not the poetry of action or heroic enterprise, but of faith in supreme Providence and resignation to the power that governs the universe.

Dante was the father of modern poetry and he may therefore claim a place in this connection. His power is the first great step from Gothic darkness and barbarism; and the struggle of thought in it to burst the thraldom in which the human mind had been so long held, is felt in every page. He stood bewildered, not appalled, on that dark shore which separates the ancient and the modern world. He was lost in wonder at what had been done before him, and he dared to emulate it. His genius is not a sparkling flane, but the sun-like heat of a furnace. He is power, passion, self-will personified. There is a gloomy abstraction which lies like a dead weight upon the mind; a beaumng stupor, a broadless awe, from the intensity of the impression; a terrible obscurity, like that which oppresses us in dreams; an identity of interest which moulds every object to its own purposes, and clothes all things with the passions and imaginings of the human soul. Dantes only endeavor is to interest; and he interests by exciting our sympathy with the emotion by which he himself is possessed. He habitually unites the absolutely local and individual with the greatest wildness and mystification. In the mists of the obscure and shadowy regions of the lower world, a tomb suddenly rises up with the inscription "I am the tomb of Pope Anastasius the sixth;" and half the personages he has crowded into the Inferno as his own acquaintance. All this perhaps tends to heighten the effect by the bold intermixing of realities, and by an appeal, as it were, to the individual knowledge and experience of the reader.

Ossian is a feeling and a name that can never be destroyed in the minds of his readers. As Homer is the first vigour and lustre, Ossian is the decay and old age of Poetry. He lives only in the recollection and deeds of the Past. He converses only with the spirits of the departed; with the motionless and silent cloud.—

"Roll on, ye dark brown years! ye bring no joy on your wing to Ossian!"—The Clapet on Shakespeare and Milton is one of the finest specimens of analytical and genial criticism in the language. Dryden and Pope, we are told truly, are the great masters of the art *à la* style of poetry, as Chaucer, Scenius, Shakespeare and Milton were of the *natural*. Nor is Hazlitt's general estimate of Young, "whose powers he admits to be great, but abjured" less worthy of note—Young's universal passion is a keen and powerful satire; but the effort takes from the effect, and apprises attention by perpetual and violent demands upon it. His tragedy of the Rover is mockish and scholastic. Zanga is a vulgar caricature of *lago*.

Mr. Rogers, the Poet who displays in a handsome frame at his London residence a £1000 000 bank note, receives a just execration. The man who could be so radically vulgar as to make such a *parvene* exhibition of his wealth, is neither a gentleman in manners or a Poet in feeling; and we quote the following with considerable pleasure.

"He, (Mr. Rogers) is an elegant but feeble writer. He wraps up obvious thoughts in a glutinous *à la* style; is full of *ingénue* and *sentiment*, but stretched and very poor. Poet, chisel, he is no particle, ineradicable of them that reads like prose. This kind of poetry is like the game of asking what one's thoughts are like. It is a tortuous, tottering, wriggling, tortuous train, winding from the vulgarity into all the tortuousness, length, tiring, lip-poor, mimicking—pinnacles of the highest brilliance and lastness of pointed diction. You have nothing like truth of nature or simplicity of expression. This fatuous and languid reader is never satisfied by meeting, from the rare chance of a single, short, simple, honest, plain, or intelligible idea."—The *Review* is removed and interred away into an appearance of the most evanescent brilliancy and tremulous inanity. There is no other fault to be found with the *Pearl of Memory* than a want of taste and genius."

All students of English poetry should make Hazlitt's work a *study*. Even as a specimen of pure "English undefiled" it is of great value.

While on the subject of Poetry, we cannot pass over another work lately published by Messrs. Wiley & Putnam—"The Raven and other Poems, by Edgar A. Poe,"—the celebrated author of the "Gothique and Arabesque." Mr. Poe is a remarkable man. His *sui generis*, exhibiting more individualism perhaps, than any other living writer; his critical acumen is too well known and acknowledged, to require extended comment; his command of language is astonishing, and his poetical powers are of a rare and high order. We give two specimens, revealing that our space is too limited for more.

To F—

"B—loved! am I the earnest woes,

That crowd around my earthly path—

Dreadful, alas! where grows

My soul at least a soul hath,

In dreams of the dead, and therein knows,

An echo of black repose."

And thus thy memory is to me,

Like some enchanted fair-off Isle,

In some tumultuous sea—

Some ocean thrall far and free

With storms—but where meanwhile

Serenest skies continually,

Since that o'er that bright island smile."

Here is a very fine piece of blank verse on a grand subject. It is equal to any thing in Childe Harold; and has at the same time a marked individuality of its own. It was written when the author was a mere boy, and took a pride.

The Colossus

The wise of the antique Rome! Rich reliquary Of lofty contemplation left to Time—
By buried centuries of pomp and power,
At length—at length—after so many days
Of weary pilgrimage and burning thirst,
(First for the springs of love that lie in the lea,
Amid thy shadow, and in drink within)
My very soul thy grandeur, gloom, and glory,
Yesternight! and Aeneas and Memories of Eld!
Silence! and Desolation! and dim N' glo'!
I feel so now—I feel ye in thy strength,
O' spells more sure than e'er Judas knew

Sight in the garden of Gethsemane,
So potent in the night; Childe
Ever drew down from out the quiet stars!

Here, where the hills fell, a calm sun falls;
Here, where the sun, emboldened in gold,
A wild, long day holds the swarthy hills;

Here, where the day, new-worn, the golden hair

Here where on—golden throne the monarch-Deed

God, like a like, but his is the haire,

By the wall. At the foot of the moon,

The swift and silent herald of the tides,

But stay!—these are these, these are these—

These moulds of penitence—these sad and black—

These vague entablatures—these, crumbling

fringe—

These silent cornices—this week—this ru-

These stones—alas! these gray stones—are

they the fail?—and the collapsed left?

But stay!—these are these, these are these—

These moulds of penitence—these sad and black—

These vague entablatures—these, crumbling

fringe—

These silent cornices—this week—this ru-

These stones—alas! these gray stones—are

they the fail?—and the collapsed left?

But stay!—these are these, these are these—

These moulds of penitence—these sad and black—

These vague entablatures—these, crumbling

fringe—

These silent cornices—this week—this ru-

These stones—alas! these gray stones—are

they the fail?—and the collapsed left?

But stay!—these are these, these are these—

These moulds of penitence—these sad and black—

These vague entablatures—these, crumbling

fringe—

These silent cornices—this week—this ru-

These stones—alas! these gray stones—are

they the fail?—and the collapsed left?

But stay!—these are these, these are these—

These moulds of penitence—these sad and black—

These vague entablatures—these, crumbling

fringe—

These silent cornices—this week—this ru-

These stones—alas! these gray stones—are

they the fail?—and the collapsed left?

But stay!—these are these, these are these—

These moulds of penitence—these sad and black—

These vague entablatures—these, crumbling

fringe—

These silent cornices—this week—this ru-

These stones—alas! these gray stones—are

they the fail?—and the collapsed left?

But stay!—these are these, these are these—

These moulds of penitence—these sad and black—

These vague entablatures—these, crumbling

fringe—

These silent cornices—this week—this ru-

These stones—alas! these gray stones—are

they the fail?—and the collapsed left?

But stay!—these are these, these are these—

These moulds of penitence—these sad and black—

These vague entablatures—these, crumbling

fringe—

These silent cornices—this week—this ru-

These stones—alas! these gray stones—are

they the fail?—and the collapsed left?

But stay!—these are these, these are these—

These moulds of penitence—these sad and black—

These vague entablatures—these, crumbling

fringe—

These silent cornices—this week—this ru-

These stones—alas! these gray stones—are

they the fail?—and the collapsed left?

But stay!—these are these, these are these—

These moulds of penitence—these sad and black—

These vague entablatures—these, crumbling

fringe—

These silent cornices—this week—this ru-

These stones—alas! these gray stones—are

they the fail?—and the collapsed left?

But stay!—these are these, these are these—

These moulds of penitence—these sad and black—

These vague entablatures—these, crumbling

fringe—

These silent cornices—this week—this ru-

These stones—alas! these gray stones—are

they the fail?—and the collapsed left?

But stay!—these are these, these are these—

These moulds of penitence—these sad and black—

These vague entablatures—these, crumbling

fringe—

These silent cornices—this week—this ru-

These stones—alas! these gray stones—are

they the fail?—and the collapsed left?

But stay!—these are these, these are these—

These moulds of penitence—these sad and black—

These vague entablatures—these, crumbling

fringe—

These silent cornices—this week—this ru-

These stones—alas! these gray stones—are

they the fail?—and the collapsed left?

But stay!—these are these, these are these—

These moulds of penitence—these sad and black—

These vague entablatures—these, crumbling

fringe—

These silent cornices—this week—this ru-

These stones—alas! these gray stones—are

they the fail?—and the collapsed left?

But stay!—these are these, these are these—

These moulds of penitence—these sad and black—

These vague entablatures—these, crumbling

fringe—

These silent cornices—this week—this ru-

These stones—alas! these gray stones—are

they the fail?—and the collapsed left?

But stay!—these are these, these are these—

These moulds of penitence—these sad and black—

These vague entablatures—these, crumbling

fringe—

These silent cornices—this week—this ru-

These stones—alas! these gray stones—are

they the fail?—and the collapsed left?

But stay!—these are these, these are these—

These moulds of penitence—these sad and black—

These vague entablatures—these, crumbling

fringe—

These silent cornices—this week—this ru-

These stones—alas! these gray stones—are

they the fail?—and the collapsed left?

But stay!—these

